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HOW THE BABY GROWS.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Nobody sees the baby grow,
Nary dear with the laughing eyes,
Who came to our house a year ago,
Looking ever so wrinkled and wise;
But every day of the happy year
He has taken upon him more beauty new,
And as for growing, why, this is clear,
He's never had anything else to do.

Grandmother says, "When he's asleep,
Then it is that the baby grows."
Close to the crib we often creep
To watch, but we don't think grandma knows
Never a fringe of the golden hair,
Clustering soft around his brow,
Lengthens the least while we are there,
And yet it is growing—the wonder, how?

Teachers talk of chemical things
Which into a secret of life combine,
And mother, listening, softly sings,
"Oh God, be good to this boy of mine!"
And into the sunny summer days,
Or into the winter evenings cold,
She wears the notes of her joyful praise
While closely about him her fond arms fold.

Nobody sees the baby grow,
But over his rosy little face
The prettiest ripples of laughter show,
The dancing dimples curiously close,
The tiny feet are learning to walk,
The rounded limbs are growing strong,
The rippling tongue is learning to talk,
As cheerfully pass the days along.

Nobody can explain it all,
Not one thing to our thought is clear;
God, who sees it, through His smile,
Sent our beautiful baby here,
And mother cares for him day and night,
"The way enough when she loves him so,
And God whenever she puts out the light,
Just looks in and makes him grow."

Seeking a Fortune,

OR:

Orland Hyde's Struggles.

BY M. J. ROY.

Author of "Walter Brownfield," "The Teacher's Mistake," "Stage Struck," "His Friend and Adviser," "Marshfield College," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

FATHER AND SON.

The wise remarks of Mr. Storms had completely upset all the strange wild plans of the youth. He might have gone on during the entire day dreaming bright, golden dreams, had not this practical common sense man come in and by a few words thrown him of his balance.

He rose and looked about over that small field which had always appeared so diminutive before, in his eyes, that he despised it. Now he saw it in a new light. He gazed upon that rich soil and understood how its value might be enhanced in a hundred ways. There were golden nuggets within that land which he might dig out as easily and with more certainty than he could gather them from the mines of California or Australia.

He was in the act of starting up his team to resume his work in the field, when he heard the tramp of horses feet, and in a moment Tom Vane galloped up to the fence.

"Been taking a rest have you?" said Tom.

"Yes."

"Was old Soc here?"

"Yes sir."

"Saw him going away and thought that, may be, he had been here."

Tom looked a little uneasy and turned in his saddle to see if he could yet catch a glimpse of the old school master. But he was out of sight, and turning to the young farmer, he said:

"Well Orland have you come to any conclusion on that matter we were talking about?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"I won't do it."

"You're acting a big fool if you don't."

"We'll see."

Tom Vane laughed at the sneering, insulting laugh at the young farmer and glanced at his sleek well fed horse, and then at the thin raw boned animals in the plow. There seemed to him to be a difference in the society even of the animals. The tired plow horses, long accustomed to toil and privation, stood with drooping heads while his own sleek, fat animal pawed the earth and clamped his bit like a war horse, eager to be away. Tom reached over to the fence and plucking off some bits of the half rotted rails broke them up into smaller particles and idly flipped them at the plow boy, remarking:

"I tell you Orland Hyde, I can just predict how you are going to turn out."

"I am willing to hear your prophecy," Orland answered.

"I say you will live and die right here on this little bit of ground or in the poor house. Here you've been for years getting poorer and poorer every year. There's a fortune out in the world for them as have courage

and industry enough to go and get it. "But you are too lazy or too big a coward."

Long accustomed to being brow beaten by the Vane, Orland Hyde stood in the furrow, his eyes cast upon the ground, scarce daring to look up. He felt that Tom was in some way an enemy and that all his friendly offers were but inducements to lead him deeper into the toils. The song of the spider to the fly was no more seductive than his promises to loan the youth money.

"You may be right Tom," said Orland, "but I shall stay at home. My conscience tells me that it would be wrong to desert my parents, brother and sisters, when they are so helpless."

"That is all tomfoolery," sneered Vane. "Admit the truth that you are chicken hearted and afraid to make the venture."

"You can look on it as you please," said Orland, "but time will show which of us is right."

He clucked to the almost worn out horses and started the plow. Tom Vane muttered something which Orland could not hear, and wheeling his horse about rode away. The plow boy now bent all his attention to the great plow which went tearing through the soil, ripping up the earth and turning it even layers where it rolled and crumbled into fine rich clods.

"Mr. Storms is right," said Orland as he reflected on what the old school-master had said to him. "He is my friend and I can trust him before Tom Vane. Besides mother has always said 'a rolling stone gathers no moss.' It cannot be wrong for one to remain at home and take care of weak and helpless parents, brother and sisters. They can call me a fool for doing so if they will, but it is a duty which I shall not neglect."

All day long Orland Hyde followed his plow while the great struggle, within his breast went on. But he conquered at last, and when he went home it was with a new and more cheerful feeling than he had formerly had.

It was Saturday night. He rode slowly to the great trough under the hill where the well was and drew water for the horses. As he did so the song of the "old oaken bucket," ran through his mind. There was really something about the old place to endear it to him, he thought, and the words of his mother that a rolling stone gathers no moss was more forcibly impressed than ever.

"I am going to stay right or wrong?" he said.

The dark cool twilight which set in about the humble farm house seemed to hide it from view, and cover up all external signs of squalid misery. Three or four lowing cows were at the gate and answered the call of their hungry calves within.

Mrs. Hyde and her oldest daughter came out to milk the cows while Orland, having watered the horses, put them in the stable, and climbing into the small front door of the little corn crib, counted out twenty-four ears of corn, which he laid upon his arm. He then went out of the corn crib, into the old fashioned log stable which was under the same roof. The horses gave utterance to their pleasure, by hungrily whinnying at his approach. The plow horses each had a stall. They were fed in a great hollow trough which extended the full length of the stable, and had been worn smooth by constant use. Laying the corn down between the two horses, the young farmer proceeded to husk it, throwing an ear alternately to each horse. There was hay in the mow above and he climbed up into the darkness to throw it down to the animals.

His little brother had fed all the other stock and prepared the wood for the cook stove, so that the tired plow boy had nothing to do but rest. He found his father sitting up in the old fashioned arm chair.

"Are you any better father," he asked on entering the room.

"Yes some," the invalid answered. Mr. Hyde was one of those invalids who seemed to have lost all interest with the world. He would sit for hours gazing out of the door upon the sunshine playing on the shoots of tender green which were springing from the earth. He did not ask his son how he was getting along with the work. If he took any special interest in anything it was to examine the newspapers for advertisements on the cure of chronic diseases. It made no difference how old a paper was, or how un-

reliable the advertisement, Mr. Hyde was ready and willing to try it. He was an economical man in everything save buying patent medicine or patronizing quack doctors. Every "cure all," or "world wonder," or "king of pain" was sure to be thoroughly tested by him. It was not enough that he was cheated and deceived again and again; he seemed never to learn that it was better to rely on a good family physician than some patent medicine or traveling quack, whose only object was to get his money. When Orland came in, the father did not ask how he was getting along plowing, or what the prospects of a crop were, but after a few moments wanted to know if Orland had heard when Dr. Pilgrimage the inventor and discoverer of "Pilgrimage's world wonder and universal cure for all diseases flesh is heir too, would be in Hapsburg."

"I don't know father," the young farmer answered with a sigh.

"Did you see this?" and the invalid held up a soiled yellow sheet of paper on which there was some printing.

"No."

"It is his announcement, I think that he will be there next week. His great 'world wonder and universal cure' it is said, will cure the worst case of rheumatism at a single application."

"I don't believe it father. I would not try it."

"I will," said the invalid feebly. "I am going to keep on trying everything until I get something that will cure me."

Poor deluded man, like many other unfortunate people in the world he kept his system so reduced by the constant use of injurious patent medicines that it never had a chance to recuperate. Had he left them off for a few months, nature would have overcome the disease and he soon have been a well man.

"Father can you not go with me to the field to-morrow?" said Orland at last.

"I don't know—may be I can, but to-morrow is Sunday."

"I know it is, but I did not mean go out there to work."

"What then?" asked the invalid with just the least bit of morbid curiosity.

"I wanted you to look at the field."

"Oh I have seen it many a time."

Poor Orland felt all his good resolutions sinking within him. If he could not get his father interested in the farm there was little encouragement indeed for the youth to labor upon it. After several moments silence he said:

"I thought you would like to see what I had been doing."

"Well I will go," said Mr. Hyde who was really a sensible, generous man when at himself. He had but one weakness and that was for quacks and patent medicines. Are you not going to church to-morrow?" he added after a moments reflection.

"No, it is too far to walk to the village church, and the horses have been plowed all week and need rest."

"What did you want to show me about the farm?" Mr. Hyde asked.

"I wanted to show you how how it looked, and have a talk with you about it."

"Very well—I will go if I am able."

Sunday morning dawned so clear and mild that the invalid felt encouraged to take his cane and walk about the door yard.

"Do you think father that you can go with me out into the field?" the youth asked.

Mr. Hyde glanced keenly at his son and discovered that he was very much in earnest about something. What it was he did not know, but he would, beyond a doubt, find out by accompanying him to the field.

"I will go with you Orland," he said.

They walked very slowly along the lane to the great gate which entered the field, for Mr. Hyde was still weak. A clatter of hoof caused Orland to raise his head and he saw two young men mounted on blooded horses galloping down the road toward them. A single glance sufficed to convince him they were Tom Vane and his brother Zack.

"Hello Orland, aren't you going to meeting?" Tom asked, reining in his horse.

"No."

"Why? Get on your horse and come on!" said the tempter.

"I am not going to day," and he walked on.

As Tom and Zack galloped away, the former said:

"I wonder if old Solon got that bill I threw in his yard yesterday."

"What was it?"

"Something about curing everything. If he got it, he'll try it. He never misses anything, and if we can only get patent medicine enough in the country, he will kill himself in time."

The reckless yet scheming young men rode to the village church, more as a fashion, or habit, than from any idea of devotion. They were of that class of young men who stay out when the weather is good, and talk, and in winter time take back seats in church, and whisper or slap their boots with riding whips, during the sermon.

Orland Hyde and his father went out into the field and standing upon the slight elevation could see the rich upturned soil ready to receive the grain.

"What do you think of it father?"

The refreshing breeze had stimulated Mr. Hyde considerably, and he seemed to have become just the least bit interested in the spring work.

"It looks well Orland," he said. "I believe you can make a pretty good farmer if you keep on."

"Father," said Orland, "I want to make a bargain with you."

"What is it?"

"It is this, that you rent me the farm."

"What, rent you the farm?" cried Mr. Hyde astounded. "What could you do with a farm?"

"I could cultivate it, don't I do that any way?"

"Yes, and I don't see why you can't go right along and cultivate it as you have been doing?"

"But that does not exactly suit me. I want to buy me a farm of my own. I think I can make the money to do it out of this place."

"Well what do you want to do?" asked Mr. Hyde who was thinking more about visiting Dr. Pilgrimage for some of his "World Wonder," than any thing else.

"I want to lease the farm for five years, and I will keep up the family and give you half of all I can make clear."

Mr. Hyde after a moments reflection said that they had never yet been able to make anything clear on the place. Orland pressed him so closely however that he finally consented.

"Will you go into a written contract of that kind father," asked the youth.

But Mr. Hyde seemed very averse to entering into writings with his son. He said that he did not know that it was necessary, they could certainly trust each other.

"But that is not business father."

The father looked at the son and was astonished at the remarkable amount of business qualifications he had suddenly developed. "I want everything done in a business like manner."

"Why Orland?"

"Because I mean business, the young farmer said. Mr. Hyde still hesitated and the son knowing his father's weakness added, "We can get the lawyer, Mr. Selfblow, to write up the contract for us the day we go to Hapsburg, for you to consult with Dr. Pilgrimage on his 'World's wonder and universal cure.'"

Somewhat Mr. Hyde changed at the very mention of the doctors name. His face brightened and he said:

"Well my son when the doctor comes we will go and see him and talk it over with lawyer Selfblow."

To help matters along Mr. Storms, or old Soc, as he was more generally known, called that afternoon to see why none of the family had been to church. Sunday as it was, Orland mentioned his plan and the philosopher at once declared it a splendid one.

"The boy is right Solon Hyde," said the old school master. "There is nothing like giving a boy a chance to do something for himself. Now he will go to work and enrich the farm, and you will see an abundant yield from it this fall. Depend on it Orland is on the right track. Just encourage him a little and you will find he will succeed."

CHAPTER IV.

THE WORLD WONDER.

The idea of tilling the farm himself and in a business like way so thoroughly seized Orland Hyde that it was in his mind night and day. He could now devote all his leisure hours to a long essay on fertilizing, or sub-

soiling. In fact he lived only in farm work, practical or theoretical. He found a world of study in farming. No course in college requires so much study. There was not only the soil to understand, but the air above it. The season, the birds, the insects, and thousands of other things. Cold and heat were natural problems; there were drouths to overcome and floods to guard against. The young farmer had his hands and mind full. He was a young general entering on his first campaign.

The map and plan he carefully surveyed and reckoned all against himself that could possibly be against him.

One of the first things the young farmer did was to dig up the little mound which had accumulated in front of the house, from the chips and debris of rotted and decaying wood, and scatter it over the poorest part of the soil. The little pond of water was thus released and drained dry. He then gathered up everything about the place which would enrich his soil, and put it on the ground.

"Mr. Storms says land can be made to yield a hundred bushels to the acre," he said, "and I am going to try to make this go that much."

The day came at last for the arrival of the wonderful magnetic healer and lightning curer of all diseases, Dr. Pilgrimage, to be at Hapsburg.

"We must go my son," said Mr. Hyde to Orland. "The doctor will be very busy and his time is limited. The last circular I got said come early as first come first served," and the invalid held up a pale yellow strip of paper on which was printed the usual flaming announcement of the traveling quack:

COME ALL AND BE HEALED.

Dr. Pilgrimage the wonderful magnetic healer and a regular graduate of medicine; The discover of the great "World's wonder and universal cure," for all disease that flesh is heir to, will be at Hapsburg—for six days only, and treat patients, for any disease. Chronic and incurable diseases a specialty. A sure shot on rheumatism, gout, kidney disease, heart disease, brights, consumption, scrofula, diseases of the liver in all forms, sores, ulcers, tumors and all other diseases on which the ordinary physicians have failed. TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD will actually be paid for any case of the above complaints which the doctor can not cure. Come early so as to obtain an audience with the doctor. No charges for consultation. Come early or you may be crowded out. Remember the time. Dr. Pilgrimage can stay only six days as he has thousands of patients waiting for him in other places and must hasten to aid suffering humanity. Come early; don't fail to see him if you want to get well."

This flaming poster was intended to catch the eyes of such as Mr. Hyde. The weak and sick are more easily imposed on than the strong and healthy; and the offer of twenty thousand dollars for a case, the wonderful doctor could not cure, captured thousands all country. Dr. Pilgrimage is not the only humbug of his class. We frequently see posters, circulars, or newspaper notices of these traveling quacks all over the country, and will until our law makers proceed to legislate against them as they would against any other nuisance.

Orland Hyde knew his father was determined to see Dr. Pilgrimage and it was useless to attempt to keep him from it. He also took advantage of his impatience to remind him that they would have the contract written up by Mr. Selfblow the village lawyer.

He harnessed the horses to the spring wagon and by the aid of his mother assisted his father into the wagon and drove away to the village. Mr. Hyde was never so cheerful and happy as when going to see a new doctor, or to get a new kind of medicine. He talked all the way to the village, of how he would do when he got well, and laid some remarkable plans. The new doctor he regarded as being sent directly from the city on purpose to cure him. He could see the work of a divine providence in it, he was quite sure.

His son did not take as much interest in the new doctor as himself. He had had his hopes roused a hundred times only to have them blasted. The right man might come along some day and cure his father, but he did not believe it would be soon. They reached the town and Orland made it convenient to stop near the office of Mr. Selfblow. "Let us have the contract fixed up first father," he said, "and then we can go to the doctor's and

have nothing to bother you, while the doctor makes the medicine for you."

"I am so afraid my son that the doctor will be crowded," said Mr. Hyde.

"We can wait until he is at leisure." By considerable persuasion he induced his father to go first to the lawyer's office. There Orland stated the contract as they wanted it, and Mr. Hyde was too anxious to get to the doctor's office to be particular. Though Mr. Selfblow knew that one of the contracting parties was under age he was not going to say that would invalidate the document as it would cheat himself out of the fee for writing it.

"Oh yes—gentlemen—gentlemen I know just what you want," said the lawyer wheeling about to his desk, taking up his pen and rubbing the bald spot on top of his head. "Let me see" he said, dipping his pen in the ink, "Oh yes—oh yes, 'know all men by these presents etc.'"

He wrote rapidly for his clients were in a great hurry. Soon the document was prepared and signed by father and son, and deposited in the iron safe of the attorney for safe keeping. They then excused themselves and hurried to the hotel where Dr. Pilgrimage was to have a private room in which to see his patients.

"Is the doctor in?" asked Mr. Hyde in a weak trembling voice of the colored porter, who met them in the hall.

"De doctor?—Oh ye mean dat new doctor what come hear yesterday?" said the porter.

"Yes we mean Dr. Pilgrimage."

"Yes sah, he is in his room."

"Can we see him? Is he at leisure?"

"I think so—I'll go and see."

The negro hurried up a narrow flight of stairs and soon returned with the announcement that they could be admitted to the doctor's apartment.

They were shown up, and found a rather large man with red hair and beard and very large freckles on his hands and face, in the room. He had a very keen blue eye, and Orland Hyde at once gave him credit for a large amount of shrewdness.

To the astonishment of Mr. Solon Hyde the wonderful doctor was alone. Mr. Hyde congratulated himself on being so lucky. The large red whiskered man rose and threw aside his paper, and fixing his piercing blue eyes on the invalid a moment, said:

"Have a seat sir, you have come to see me I suppose."

"You are Dr. Pilgrimage?" asked Mr. Hyde believing that he must be mistaken after all.

"Yes sir I am Dr. Pilgrimage, the greatest magnetic healer on the earth, and besides the discoverer of 'Pilgrimage's world wonder' the most remarkable discovery ever known. I have offered twenty thousand dollars reward for a single case in all the world, of gout, rheumatism, consumption, scrofula, any chronic disease, sore or ulcer which I cannot cure. I do not mean to say heal up, but I say cure wholly. I have been following my profession for twenty years sir and never failed to cure every case which has come before me. I think sir that I understand your case."

He seized Mr. Hyde's wrist and felt his pulse for a moment. He pulled out a large gold watch from his pocket, opened it with a snap and looked at it, while his massive brow contracted in a knot of cords and wrinkles. A few moments elapsed and then he closed his watch with a snap, stuck it in his vest pocket, and rising to his feet drew from his pocket a tongue depressor, which he inserted in the invalid's mouth. This looked so very professional to Mr. Hyde that he thought he would risk his life on this wonderful man's skill. Next he thrust his hand in his vest pocket and drawing forth a fever thermometer told Mr. Hyde to hold it in his mouth. He did so and his confidence in the doctor increased. After placing a sort of wooden ear trumpet over each lung the doctor straightened himself and said:

"Yours is a very serious case."

"Do you really think so doctor?" asked Mr. Hyde.

"Indeed I do. It's as clear as a case of 'de gustibus non disputandum as I ever saw in my life.'"

"Oh! doctor have I really got all that?" asked Mr. Hyde.

"You certainly have," said the quack gravely. "As plainly indicated as I ever saw it. Furthermore, it is seriously complicated with 'fiat justitia ruat

coelum, with strong hints of the presence of 'in media tuissima ibis' And in the absence of the least 'esprit de corps and dulce et decorum est pro patria mori feeling in you, it is apparent that none of your mental processes are going properly, which deranges everything."

"Great Heaven doctor can I ever get well," groaned Mr. Hyde his usual pale face growing paler than it had ever been, while agony dilated his eyes.

The discoverer of "Pilgrimage's world's wonder," quietly dropped his instruments into his pockets while gazing into vacancies and said:

"I will forfeit twenty thousand dollars if I can't make you sound and well in six months."

"That is fair doctor, how much will you charge?"

The Doctor compressed his lips a moment as if trying to make his bill as small as possible and said:

"One hundred dollars. No cure no pay mind you. I ask nothing in advance only that you pay for the medicine."

"What will that cost?"

"The first will be twenty-five dollars. You must pay in advance for that."

Mr. Hyde had but twenty dollars, and Orland had five dollars, with which he intended to purchase seed corn. All of this would be required to get a bottle of "The World's wonder."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Equal to the Emergency.

A wild-eyed man entered a Chatham street pawn shop and wished to see some pistols.

"I sell you dot pistol for two dollars," said the clerk.

"I'll take it. Load it up and before another sunrise I'll put an end to my miserable existence."

"Vat? You shoot yourself mid dot pistol?"

"Yes," said the wild eyed man, desperately.

"Mr. Isaacstein," called the clerk to the proprietor in the back room, "de sheatleman wants a two-dollar pistol to shoot himself mut. Vat shall I do?"

"Sharge him five dollar."

One of the richest women in Denver is Mrs. Bishop Warren, of whom so much has been written since her marriage with the handsome and gifted Methodist preacher. Many years ago this lady went to Denver a poor, hard-working sewing girl. Her face was her fortune, for as she bravely plied her trade she was wooed by one thief, a miner, and when he finally died he left her a fortune of several million dollars. Mrs. Iliff was a devout Methodist, and Denver gossips tell that Bishop Simson sent Bishop Warren to that city on purpose to marry the millionaire widow. Their wedding was a popular one, every Methodist in Denver being invited.

Simpson and his wife were on their way to church, and the lady was putting on her gloves. "My dear," said he, pettishly, "you should complete your toilet at home. I'd just as soon see a woman putting on her stockings on the street as putting on her gloves." "Most men would," she said promptly and the abashed husband didn't say another word.

"Now you young scamp," said Binks, Sr., as he led his youngest out into the woodshed and prepared to give him a dressing down. "I'll teach you what is what."

"No, pa," replied the incorrigible, "you'll teach me which is switch."

And then the old man's hand fell powerless to his side.

"Is your pa at home, little girl?" "Yes, sir, do you wish to see him?" "Yes." "But you won't know him if you do see him." "Why, what's the matter?" "Well, you see out in the country on the farm a man and his wife got to fighting and pa tried to stop them." "Oh, indeed?" "Yes, you'd better call again. You wouldn't know pa now."

Prospective bridegroom (to prospective bride)—Would it be possible, do you think, dear, to postpone our wedding until Monday? I'm in receipt of a dispatch calling me to Buffalo on important business. P. bride—I'm afraid not, George dear. The wedding presents, you know, are only rented until Saturday.

A young man denounces straw bonnets 'because they chafe his ears.' Here now is a question for scientists. Can they explain how it is that a bonnet worn by one person can chafe the ears of another person not wearing it?

A Connecticut lady, who is one hundred and three years old, insists that she is over two hundred. It is fair to presume that any woman who claims to be twice as old as she really is must be decidedly deranged.

Carding and spinning promptly attended to at the Kirksville Woolen Mills.